



# The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

## Maine Farmer.

Augusta, November 13, 1880.

### TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

\$2.00, IN ADVANCE; OR, \$2.50 IF NOT PAID WHEN THIS PAPER IS RECEIVED BY SUBSCRIBERS.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers.

The printed date in connection with the subscribers' name will show the time to which it has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for payment.

A subscriber desiring to change his post-office address, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Advertisers Free to all Subscribers.

### Advertisers' Notices.

Mr. J. P. CLARK will call upon our subscribers in Portland during the month of November.

Mr. C. S. LAYER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Franklin county during November.

Mr. A. H. TABER, Agent of the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Washington county during November.

### Notice to Delinquent Subscribers.

We are now making up the account of subscribers to the MAINE FARMER, WHO ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PAPER FROM THE YEAR 1875 TO THE PRESENT TIME, to be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Opportunity will be given to all who are thus in arrears to make payment to our agents or to their office, at our advertised rates, or before January 1, 1881. If delayed beyond this date the accounts will be left for collection.

### Old Stage Days.

The stage coach days of Maine are numbered with the events that were. The iron horse has supplanted the stage coach, driving it not only from the county roads and public highways, but superseding it in mountain travel. There are to-day only few places in Maine where one can travel in a ride on or in a six horse coach. One of the great attractions in the trip to Moosehead Lake is the stage ride from Bangor to Greenville, yet the demands of travel and business have numbered the days of this route, and in a short time the scene will find their way, to the foot of this great lake. And well will the charms of a coach ride from Bangor to Moosehead be enjoyed only a brief season longer, for the railroads will soon find its way from Bucksport to Ellsworth, and with its restless desire to push forward it will not be many seasons before it will be found at the famous waiting place of Maine.

The stage coach days will always occupy a pleasant corner in the memory of those who have by long-ago days participated in their enjoyments, and so will the reminiscence of old stage drivers, who were not all of as philosophical a turn of mind as was Mr. Weller, senior, who drove a London stage coach, yet most of these were as famous to his fund of stories. A few days ago many of the old stage drivers in Kennebec county met at the office of the Waterville Mail "to talk over old times and make such records as might be thought best." We learn from an account of the meeting given in the Mail that among the old drivers present was Mr. Amos Rollins of Belgrade, now eighty years old; Mr. Calvin Hamlin of China, now eighty-seven years of age; Mr. Joshua Black of Palermo, eighty-four years of age, and Mr. Hiram Reed of Augusta, who has lived more than three score years and ten.

These veteran whips passed a happy day at the Mail office, reviewing their many rides and their trials of hardship and endurance. Rollins was seated on a bench, with his feet propped up on a stool, and his hands clasped behind his head, while the others sat around him, and the stories of their days of travel were told in a spirit of good fellowship.

The first stage which came to Augusta was started by Col. T. S. Estabrook of Brunswick. In February, 1860, he informed the public that he had "commenced running a mail stage from Brunswick to Augusta twice a week." It left Brunswick on Saturdays and Tuesdays, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and arrived at Augusta on Sundays and Wednesdays, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, it left Augusta on Sunday noon and on Thursday at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Brunswick on Monday at eight in the morning, and Thursday at five in the afternoon. From thirteen to twenty-four hours was required for the trip which is now made by the cars in one hour and a half. In 1827 the time when Burley & Marshall bought out the stage line in 1829.

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## Poetry.

### Indian Summer.

The tranquil river glistens to the sea,  
The purple haze the golden sunbeams fall,  
The white salts glimmer by us silently—  
The hush of the day.

Our spirits live like flowers in the light,  
Not far from the stony edge of earthly paths,  
Nod down the shadows of the coming night  
In the woods we walk.

Yah! the birds sing and fears and doubts of youth,  
We dream our lives away, and ask not why;  
Yah! all our lofty aspirations after truth;  
To-day we dream in ease, to-morrow—

We should not half the autumn's heart to a child,  
What should we strive when Nature bids us rest?  
We let her influence sweet our being still,  
Hushed as a child upon the bosom of the breast.

—Good Company.

### Our Story Teller.

### WIDOWS, FERNS, AND ROMANCE

What possible connection can there be between these? says one.

Is it sarcasm, meaning to insinuate that those who indulge in romance are green, like ferns?

No, my dears; for if referred to, the folly might be truthfully termed green; and we have all learned that romantic ideas are not confined to the green age of youth.

It was a lovely day in September that a party was gathered in the porch of Rose Cottage, discussing the merits of a trip up the coast, and for ferns and romance.

If H. Norton could go to-day with them all agreed that he would be charming. If it was his favorite guide, and an excursion was really possible, if there was any hope he would go to-day with them.

Our party was composed of James and Hannah, John and Maria, pretty and gay.

Mr. and Mrs. Bedell (a widower whose sorrow had some time ago rendered him pale and listless) and a young man, John, a poor, insignificant 1, that in our own rambles was passed off with H. Norton.

Little did I care for H. 's talk; was far more interested in him than that of my companions; such original remarks and ideas of things as he treated me to, brimful of natural wit and keenness! It was he that had opened my eyes to the world.

Dr. Malone was infatuated with our sweet-faced widow of forty, but neither fat nor fair. Surely it was not physical beauty that rendered her so charming; yet she was to all, male or female, young or old.

James and Maria had each accompanied their respective spouses upon their annual trip to escape the tedium of hay fever, the common pestilence.

The afflicted Hannah and John were happy to find that there was one spot at least upon the earth where they might rest and recover; and that the cool air was very beneficial; they were relieved, though.

The doctor was unconscious of his helpers, or he might have apologized for his previous sarcasm at our expense.

A last word to the hotel, to the hotel that left us—one to get the hotel to send a surgeon, the other to get the nearest possible conveyance. Dreary was the waiting, but more so after the doctor refused to go.

We must tell the whole truth, that the relinquishment was not as great as seems at first sight, his practice being among the upper classes, the doctors being sumptuous, the rest of the west might be found at the mountains, among the lakes, in the Canadas, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, as well as generally distributed over coast towns and the interior.

It is a common saying, that in four months of the year he would have needed seven leashed boats or a winged steed, to have leashed them with widely spread practice.

### CHAPTER V.

The doctor professed to light burden, and the slight help that the weak woman was gratefully accepted in bearing onward, and none hinted that he was unwomanly or indicative of strong-mindedness.

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We were all fatigued, and the widow, the widow and myself had just returned from a sunset picnic upon the side of one of the smaller mountains, and H. had met us at the gate, and turned to leave, when our host for the night, at that very moment we discovered in the porch with his host and hostess the most noble-looking man that ever saw.

A form taller, tall nor slender, short and stout, but thoroughly pleasing to the eye, and figure that inspired confidence at once—one of those few forms and faces that call forth instinctively for help, with never a thought of the lack of previous acquaintance.

Our hostess advanced toward us, saying that she had introduced us to "her annual board" Dr. Malone.

I bowed first, and then stepped backward so that I stood beside our guide, H. It was the old story, loved and parted!

The doctor was taking his annual vacation for two months, which tells its own tale, that he was a popular New York surgeon, with an extensive and remunerative practice, who could well afford to leave his few summer patients to the poorer doctors.

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There was something strange about the first meeting between Grace and Dr. Malone, though I must confess that I did not notice it.

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A form taller, tall nor slender, short and stout, but thoroughly pleasing to the eye, and figure that inspired confidence at once—one of those few forms and faces that call forth instinctively for help, with never a thought of the lack of previous acquaintance.

Our hostess advanced toward us, saying that she had introduced us to "her annual board" Dr. Malone.